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THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 60.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 83.

Justum & tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ:
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.
Si fractus illabitur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

THERE is no character which the world more unitedly despises than the mean and spiritless coward, the man who submits to insult without resentment, and to injury without resistance. Giving him no credit for a practical belief in those precepts which direct to submission and silence, or in the philosophy, which teaches that self-preservation is the first law of nature, the world denominates the coward poor and contemptible.

Every other weakness of human nature is considered with indulgence. Folly is pardoned, however extravagant its manner, and the worst of vices are palliated by associates, who are equally diverging from the path of propriety. Prodigality is proclaimed to be the evidence of a noble and disinterested spirit, avarice of a prudent and calculating economy; ambition is the fault of virtue, and no one is seduced by its allurements, but such as are capable of some extension of thought and some enterprize of mind. But cowardice is a weakness of such contemptible character that it is never openly vindicated, those who know its influence on themselves are ashamed of it in others, and feel too much mortified to confess their relationship; or perhaps in the moment they would venture on its praise, feel its influence too much to justify what in fact it requires *courage* to vindicate.

It is however the remark of a writer of eminence that fear only makes any one brave, that the courage requisite for retreat is superior to that which is required for action, because the danger is equal and the obloquy greater. Paradoxical as the sentiment appears, it is with some modification undoubtedly correct. Public opinion often erects a battery against reputation, far more dreadful and murderous than that, which the most stubborn enemy could place against life, and under some circumstances compels an observance of "honorable law" in the same manner that a General compels his undisciplined troops to engage, by placing guards in the rear, with orders to destroy every one who will not manfully do his duty. It is through fear of the rear guards, which public opinion places at convenient intervals, that many are compelled on enterprizes they would gladly relinquish and how-

ever desirous they might be of not noticing an attack or despising an insult, are oftentimes obliged to sacrifice the inoffensiveness of their character and resent the conduct they would far rather should be quietly forgotten.

It is no wonder that factitious aids should be resorted to, to generate courage. That which is in itself noble will ever be the object of esteem, and whatever is valuable will be liable to a counterfeit. There is a native nobleness and dignity, which covers the brave man with glory. The ferocity of character, which as the writers on civil law inform us, was the first foundation of empire, is still remembered with respect; and modified by the wisdom and improvements of a more civilized age, appears in that august and dignified deportment, which commands admiration by its firmness, and respect by its honour; which protects itself from injury by its spirit, yet is never involved in a quarrel by heedless impetuosity; which is guarded by its pride against the receiving of an insult, and by its politeness from offering one; which, in confusion and difficulty, when common minds sink in the conflicts and tumult of the moment, maintains itself with firmness, and pursues with inflexibility the dictates of its wisdom.

It is the union of these points in the character, which gives to the brave man his claim to honorable rank. Yet it frequently happens that the nerve and strength of mind which can support fatigue and deride danger is made a security for insolence and indignity, and the consciousness of being able to restrain reproaches by force is converted to an argument for giving them existence. This is a petty tyranny which should be every where despised. Courage when solitary is not a virtue. It requires an association with others to give it life and importance. In itself it is nothing. The savage possesses it when he steals in the dark through his enemies and murders the cradled infant in its sleep. The robber possesses it when he meets the traveller on the highway, and with the terrors of the law disregarded, plunders him of his purse. But these men, though equally regardless of life, are of infinitely less consideration than the man who tempers the boldness of his mind with the virtues of his heart, and leaves the balance equal between his courage and humanity.

Neither is the fortitude and firmness, which shine with the lustre of honour, a mere transient and momentary blaze sometimes warming and elevating the mind beyond the natural heat of the passions, and then by way of equilibrium, suffering it to remain cold and lifeless, and destitute of even necessary animation. Yet how many of this description can we number, whose spirit on any occasional bustle rises in a tumult like the froth of the champaign bottle, but allowed for a little while to remain undisturbed dies away in the same dull, stale and unprofitable manner. This is rather the ebullition of passionate temper than the concomitant of a brave heart.

There is likewise an exhibition of inconsiderate courage, which sets at defiance the possibility of danger; a rash and hazardous exposure of life, when little is to be gained by the risk, and probably nothing which could justify the hazard. But disregard of danger is not always bravery, and in the language of Hudibras, though not indeed in the full extent to which *he* carried it—*The*

better part of valour is discretion.—Courage is a quality too noble to be generated by every casual accident. It may appear in the storm, but during the mildest calm it must still have existence. To receive praise it must bear examination.

Boldness and resolution are parts of the American character. We often pass without particular notice the instances of hardy enterprise and courageous determination, as we overlook the rising splendor of the sun or other glorious phenomenon of nature that is daily within our view. There is no doubt however, that we have often been inclined to praise where there was only liberty to wonder, and are frequently inclined to extol what is done without an idea of creating admiration. Men are frequently found adventurous and daring merely in consequence of never having calculated the hazard, and are seemingly brave only because they are ignorant.

But these are not the characters with which we abound. Judgment is the companion of bravery, and courage is more to be admired as it is directed by wisdom. The man who in times of danger and alarm sees the difficulties by which he is surrounded, and rightly appreciating the strength he has to contend against, brings into the field an equal force, in his own courage and decision; who is alarmed by no danger and intimidated by no distress, meets with firmness what it would be dishonorable to avoid, resists while strength remains for the contest, and enjoys victory with moderation or suffers defeat without disgrace, is a noble creature of heaven's chosen workmanship and deserves the glory he cannot fail to acquire.

E.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE EMERALD,

LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

The character of Thomas Erskine the late Lord High Chancellor of England, as it glimmers to us through the dense and puliginous medium of party rancour, appears to comprehend an assemblage of various qualities so whimsically arranged, that they break upon the eye in the full glare of contradiction. The party caricaturist, who is restrained by no adamantine principle of honour from giving such a character the dash of his pencil, rejoices to find such an object for his prey, because as he is not bound to proclaim the whole truth, he can select the most obnoxious parts, distort them into every shape that malice can invent, and summon the original to vouch for his veracity. The determined panegyrist, actuated by motives equally base, obtrudes on the sight each dazzling quality appertaining to the object, and appeals to the original likeness for the fidelity of his representation. Thus a man is made both an angel of light, and a demon of darkness by two painters, while he sits for his portrait; both of whom copy, and neither of whom do justice to the face. To exemplify this remark, let us take the subject of the present essay. Those who admired the administration of Mr. Pitt, because they enjoyed a salary worthy of their admiration, denominate the opponent to it, a pert and insignificant coxcomb, who by some fortuitous dispensation, has attracted popular favour. The party once attached to Mr. Fox of which he was one, who abused Mr. Pitt, because amongst other of his profligate expenditures of public money he did

not throw away salaries on them, represented Mr. Erskine as a prodigy in eloquence and morals. He has been but little versed in the policy of cabinets who does not know, that in proportion as a man is adored by the rabble, he is hated by the Court. Lord Erskine has now arrived at that temperate point of existence, where the adventitious splendor, which the cabinet or the rabble confer is beginning to dissipate; the purity of his patriotism is in the eyes of the mob, lost in the glitter of his coronet. The seals of office are now transferred to other hands, and his influence in the cabinet has departed with them. Let us now proceed to a slight notice of his life, and we shall observe that mixture of qualities, which has given to his friends and his enemies alternate causes of triumph, as the tremulous and dancing balance has inclined.

The Dean of St. Asaph, who if memory is correct was the father-in-law of Sir William Jones, published a popular tract the production of that celebrated scholar. The ministry deeming the pamphlet to contain inflammatory matter, direct their Attorney General to institute a prosecution against his Reverence, which was accordingly done. It was to no purpose that Sir William wrote a letter acknowledging himself the author of the work, and avowing his responsibility for the sentiments. This was the very work which Thomas Muir for disseminating many years after, suffered the punishment of exile on the shores of New Holland; while its author was enjoying the high and important office of Chief Justice of Bengal. The youthful Erskine was counsel for the Dean, and uniting himself with the popular indignation which the conduct of the ministry excited, he raised himself into notice and respect. His speech in defence of the Dean, was little worthy of notice, if we consider only the matter. Every public print abounded with ideas of a similar sort; it was a collection of formidable truisms, which none can controvert, and which an ignorant rabble believe establishes the point contended for, because uncontroverted. Ideas which in their natural state were as common as creation, now wore the appearance of novelty from the metaphori brilliancy of this dress. It accorded with the feelings of the multitude; the public prints, as before remarked, supplied the speaker with ideas, and he gave them metaphors in exchange. During the trial an incident happened which established beyond all controversy, the speaker's claim to popularity. Judge Buller who presided at the trial, (and whose constitutional irritability was his principal failing) ordered Mr. Erskine to sit down, who positively refused to obey his command, and triumphed over his opponent. The man who dared to bully so tremendous an animal as an English Judge is in the eyes of the people, was in their estimation a prodigy second only to Hercules in his triumph over monsters. Happily for Erskine his client was found guilty. From that moment he could wear the scowl of business and importance at Westminster hall; from that moment he could gain friends and admirers, because it was dangerous to offend him; from that moment the public journals could ring with his panegyrics, because it increased tenfold the number of their patrons. In his speech at the trial of the Dean of St. Asaph, there are none of those abominable egotisms which in his subsequent productions he so scrupulously worships. He did not consider it his duty then, to usur-

the province of his panegyrists. Availing himself of the "flood tide in the affairs of men," which as Shakespeare tells us "leads on to fortune;" he found by experience, that his favourite bard was just at least in *one of his remarks*. Sober justice however, is not indiscriminate in her censures. The man who for the space of twenty-seven years attends, without a day's intermission to his professional duty, and in the almost infinite and perplexing variety of business which a vast extent of practice involves, maintains a reputation pure and unsullied and a popularity brightening as it advances in years, is justly an object of admiration. Such was Erskine. At the bar even the jealousy of rivalship allowed him pre-eminence.

Not long after the trial of the Dean, Lord George Gordon by the intemperance of his zeal against popery, had almost accomplished the destruction of London by a *Protestant* flame. Of *the Church of England* it served his Lordship's turn, *then* to be the advocate. Some remission of the severity of the law which enacted heavy pains and penalties against the Papists was proposed in Parliament. Lord George, anxious to nibble at every tempting bait of popularity that the vicissitude of human events might throw out, revived the ancient jealousy of Englishmen against the Roman Catholics. He raised the alarm that the *Church of England* was endangered. This raven note caught amongst the populace like wildfire, the burnings of Smithfield, and all the tyranny of the infamous Mary summoned from historic repose to appear before the eyes of the English Protestants.—At the instigation of Lord George Gordon they assembled in vast bodies to remonstrate against the passing of the law, and as if resolved to anticipate what they dreamed the Roman Catholics might do, burnt, pillaged and destroyed long without resistance. When law was once more resumed, the noble Peer was brought before the tribunal of his country to answer to the charge of high treason. Erskine and the late Lord Chief Justice Kenyon were his counsel, and obtained an acquittal of their client at the sacrifice of his intellect. It appeared by plenary evidence, that the noble Lord did not know the use, or the properties of the tremendous machine that he had wound up, and set in motion. The right of the subject to petition Parliament for the redress of grievances was one of the most ancient and invaluable privileges of Englishmen. Lord George for the more effectual promotion of his own popularity, convened so large a congregation that insurrection, rebellion and conflagration threatened the metropolis. In this, his Lordship had evidently no further participation than the inflammatory addresses which convoked the asembly together. This, Mr. Erskine ingeniously represented as proceeding from an affectionate anxiety for the welfare of the people, and the stability of the protestant succession. This was pompously blazoned out in all the spangles of rhetoric; believed by the Jury, and his Lordship preserved from the sanguinary axe. The future life of this miserable peer was a negative comment on the justice of Mr. Erskine's remark. His zeal for the Protestant succession was testified by his conversion to the *Jewish faith*, and his *initiation into the severe ceremonies of that religion*. A cause of such high expectation and anxiety elevated its advocate to its own altitude. Mr. Erskine thus purloined all the popularity of his client.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Sir JOHN CARR is by many considered as a trifler, and by others as a very interesting and agreeable companion. He gives the perspective of his volume very neatly in the following lines. "As I propose that the reader shall travel with me it is but reasonable that he should share some of the inconveniences as well as the enjoyments of the excursion. Before we smile together in the beautiful islands of Sweeden, we must be content to bear with resignation the gloom of her almost interminable forests of fir."

THE POST.

The arrival of the Mail is poetically and faithfully described in the following lines.

..... Messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy,
Houses in ashes or the fall of stocks;
Births, deaths, and marriages, and epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks,
Fast as the periods from his flowing quill,
Or charged with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

LIBERTY.

Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. *Cowper.*

JUSTICE.

From such a base caricature of justice I turn my eyes with horror. I turn them here to this dignified and high tribunal where the majesty of real justice sits enthroned. Here I perceive her in her proper robes of truth and mercy, chaste and simple, accessible and patient, awful without severity, inquisitive without meanness; her loveliest attribute appears in stooping to raise the oppressed, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted. *Sheridan.*

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

Is said "to have died with his sword in his hand, the word of command in his mouth, and victory in his imagination."

A KISS.

The Nothern Summer mentions the following little circumstance.

"A young officer of the imperial guards approached a lady and kissed her hand, and as he raised his head the lady kissed his cheek: It is the custom in Prussia. The salutation was the most graceful I ever witnessed. It was politeness improved by the most charming gallantry; bows, curtices and salams are isicles to it. While France furnishes us with caps and bonnets, and Egypt with dusky side boards, may the Russians fix the universal mode of friendly meeting between the sexes forever and forever.

ENGLISHMEN.

That dignity which is connected with liberty is happily illustrated by Goldsmith in his character of Englishmen.

....."A thoughtful band,
"By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand!
"Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
"True to imagin'd right—above controul.
"While e'en the peasant boasts those rights to scan,
"And learns to venerate himself as man."

SEDUCTION.

How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause — the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance! Though born to protect the fair.

does not man act the part of a demon —— first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory? *Sterne.*

INTRIGUE.

The meanness attendant of intrigue, and the unwillingness which the most refined voluptuary would feel to have his amours recorded, is strikingly manifested by the following anecdote:

Racine, the celebrated French writer, soon after his appointment to the place of historiographer to Louis XIV. requested an audience: "Sire," said he, "an historian ought not to flatter; he he is bound to represent his hero exactly as he is: in what way does your majesty choose that I should speak of your gallantries?"—"Pass them over," replied the king cooly. "But, alas! sire, what I omit the reader will supply,"—"Pass them over, I tell you," cried Louis impatiently. "As there are many incredible things in the life of your majesty, the sincerity with which I should avow the weaknesses of my hero to my reader will persuade him that I regard the truth; and this regard to truth will, in his mind, be a passport for my history."—"I am not yet decided in my opinion what you ought to do," replied Louis with a look of inquietude; "all that I can tell you at present is, to pass over my intrigues."

LONDON.

The address of Cowper to London is applicable in spirit to our own metropolis.

Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind, [I see
And spotted with all crimes? in whom
Much that I *love* and more than I *admire*,
And all that I *abhor*; thou freckled fair,
That pleaseth and yet shock'st me, I can laugh [pond,
And I can weep, can hope and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee! [once;
Five righteous would have sav'd a city
And thou hast many righteous; well for thee,
Tha. salt preserves thee.——

THE NURSERY.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague was an advocate for sending children to nurse, and defends her opinion with wit and vivacity. The supposition, however, that her reasons have any foundation in truth is the severest satire on the manners and principles of the sex which make a sacrifice of nature and feeling necessary for health.

"You tell," says she, in one of her letters, "that our friend Mrs. —— is blessed with a son, and that her husband insists upon her suckling it herself. I grant that nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. Indeed, if she was a buxom sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions, she might be a good nurse for her child; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratifia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up till three in the morning elated with gain, or dejected with loss—I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that comes as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young 'squire much better than hers."

On the custom of Saluting after Sneezing.

Saint Gregory is mentioned by some catholics as the original institutor of a prayer to be used on such occasions, at a time when pestilence raged; the crisis of which was attended by sneezing, and in many cases followed by death. The Rabbins have a tale, that before Jacob, men never sneezed but *once*, and then immediately died: that Patriarch, say they, obtained the revocation of that Law, the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in *all nations* by a command of every prince to his subjects, to use some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing. The inquiries of Aristotle concerning this strange circumstance, prove it, however, to have existed many ages

prior to Saint Gregory; and is related, in a memoir of the French Academy of Sciences, to have been found practiced in the new world on the first discovery of America. This is not only said to be a fact, but some writers give us an account of the ceremonies which attend the *sneezing* of a king of Monomotapa. Those who are near his person when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone, that people in the antichamber hear it and join in the acclamation. In the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reach the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city; so that each sneeze of his majesty, results a most horrid cry from the salutions of many thousands of his vassals.

When the king of Sennar sneezes, his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud clap on their right thigh.

AMUSEMENT.

A Frenchman puzzled with the title of one of Cibber's play's, *Love's last shift*, translates it *La derniere chemise de l' amour*.

A writer addressing the English Royal Society, talks of *the earthquake which had the honour to be noticed by their learned institution*.

A patent machine was sometime since announced to the public with the pleasing prospect of making "*Every man his own washerwoman.*"

On fassoit compliment a madame Dennis de la façon dont elle venoit de jouer Zaire.

Il faudroit, dit elle, etre belle & jeune.
Ah madame, reprit le complimenteur naïvement,
Vous etes bien la preuve du contraire.

I hate that woman, said an Irish gentleman looking at a person who had been his nurse, I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse.

It was sometime since announced by an advertisement on the door of a public house in Dublin, that *This coffee house is moved up staire!*

MANNERS IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded.)

Besides this way of meeting there are, during the winter and spring, dinners of families, and their common friends, who come in turn: these are settled dinners, to which no one goes who is not invited. Thus there is not a city in Europe, where a person is less likely to fall in at the hour of dinner, at a friend's house, than in London. You run the risk of finding that he is gone to dine with a friend; or that he has a select party, and his table is full; or that he is dining alone, and does not choose to be taken unprovided. There are, perhaps, some exceptions, but I do not know them; besides, exceptions do not make the rule.

As for the clubs, every body knows that they are assemblies of men, who elect among themselves the members of their society. They have houses which they pay, to which they can go at any time; and there they read the newspapers, play at cards, and sup. There are clubs for all ranks, and all classes, even for mechanics: the latter content themselves with a private room in a tavern or coffee-house.

In the country towns there is a little more sociablility. The shackles of Parliament do not exist there, and they assemble more freely; in other respects there is little difference. The life they lead in the country is upon another system. It is there that the English display their luxury, and make their principal expense; it is there that they exercise their hospitality. There are no considerable noblemen or gentlemen, or men of fortune, who have not an estate and a house suitable to their condition: some magnificent and noble, but all good

and convenient. There they receive their friends and foreigners willingly. However, they are glad to be previously informed of the time when they are to come : because they themselves might happen to be gone to pay a visit for some days to some of their country friends ; or that their house was full ; or that they had arranged the plan of their living, which they would not like to change.

The manner of living in the country is more or less free, according to the disposition of the master of the house. In general, the company breakfast, dine, and sup together. At breakfast, parties are made for walking or riding : every one has perfect freedom in this respect. They return to dine ; and after dinner, talk or play at cards till supper. The hours are more regular than in town ; and as there is no business here, it is in the country that the English may be best seen in their natural disposition. They are not so gloomy as is supposed ; on the contrary, an air of gaiety prevails in the country which greatly astonishes those who know the English nation only through the romances written by foreigners that have never set their foot in England.

Men of letters do not form a body in London, as they do at Paris : it is not a profession. There is no one house which the *literati* frequent more than another : they do not know what is meant by a *bureau d'esprit*. A lady of rank attempted, some years ago, to form one, and to have one day in the week set apart for an assembly of that sort ; but it at last became ridiculous. If the English, who are really learned, were boasters, they might be more proud of not pretending to be so, than of setting up for men of letters. Men of learning, and writers, are to be found in all conditions of life, from the peer of the realm to the mechanic : one to please himself, another for his amusement, and a third for his emolument. Those whose objects of study are the same, assist each other, and communicate together ; but we do not see, as in other countries, the naturalist, the poet, and the mathematician, meeting to agree to praise each other, without being qualified to appreciate each other's merit.

Society does nothing in England for the sick ; I mean the bedridden. In France and Italy, a man goes a hundred miles to be at the bed-side of his sick friend. Here, if he is in the house, he quits it. His disorder may be contagious ; or the sick man himself wishes to be quiet. Perhaps they are right. I wish neither to praise nor to blame ; I only mention the fact.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too much upon this subject : but I have thought that if these memoirs should one day become public, they would be as much read upon the Continent as in England ; and the state of society in this country being so different from others, and arising from its constitution, every one must be pleased with me for giving him a just and clear idea of it. I have carried the subject further, because I never saw a traveller who did not complain of the difficulties he found in getting into company in London. I have said that it arose from the public business : I will add, that the spirit of party, which ordinarily prevails with more or less violence in company, and even creeps into families, produces obstacles which are fatal to the harmony of society, and which destroy all its charms.

Happily for myself, my condition and situation excused me from

forming political opinions ; and if I possessed them, I should be fully sensible that it was not proper for me to avow them openly in conversation. In consequence of this reserve, I have always had the good fortune to have friends among all parties ; and however difficult it has sometimes been to maintain it, I think I have so far succeeded, as never to have forfeited the good-will of any one ; except in the instance already mentioned, for which I will venture to say, I never gave sufficient cause."

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

It has long been remarked that this world is a true comedy, and divided into halves, which reciprocally laugh at each other. Though the *ton* of high life diffuses a kind of sameness over itself, which has given rise to the idea that upper life is nothing but a masked ball, it is, nevertheless, in that sphere alone men must be studied.

The art of contrast, as striking on the dramatic scene as in nature, shines in those scenes with all their lustre, and may readily be discriminated by an attentive observer ; after having seen some excellent copies at the theatres, we have always been much gratified in the meeting of the originals in society. I do not know if that species of disposition is an eulogium on our hearts, but it exists, and most assuredly is the satyr of the word as it is.

I was acquainted some time since, and was, indeed, very intimate with two people, whose characters were extremely sympathetic. Perhaps even, and I must acknowledge it, the pleasure they procured me by their caprice inspired in me much friendship for them ; that infatuated egotism penetrates itself every where, and we sometimes extol the people we have occasion for, to dissemble the necessity we have for their acquaintance.

However that may be, it is impossible to meet two persons of more opposite characters, and what is astonishing, of more affection for each other. They could not do without each other ; and could not see each other without quarrelling. One said *black* expressly because the other said *white ;* if the former persisted that *two and two are four*, the latter would have said that it was a ridiculous error, and he would not be made the dupe of the argument.

One morning I called at one of their houses. He was in his study. " My good fellow," said he, as soon as he saw me, " I am one of the most fortunate of men in the world, look and you will see my chest has been robbed." " Yes," I answered, " I perceive the lock has been forced, but I do not exactly discover what there is to excite such rejoicing." " How blind you are," he replied, rubbing his hands, and evincing by all his actions the greatest joy, " don't you see that the thieves who robbed my chest have not found the five hundred pounds that were concealed in it? They have taken two hundred and fifty pounds from the chest, and have left five hundred pounds in the secret drawer ; was there ever any thing so fortunate. Yes, my friend, I conceive myself the most fortunate man in the world; if they had discovered the secret drawer I should have been completely and inevitably ruined."

He was in the extacy of joy ; he did not think of the two hundred and fifty pounds he was robbed of; he thought only of the five hundred pounds he had saved. As to me, I had some difficulty to compliment him, I could not reconcile myself to

that kind of fortune; I, however, admired what we call philosophy, which is often considered according to the idea of the object.

I went to see my other friend, to relate the scene I had witnessed. I found him with a paper in his hand, anger in his eyes, and invective in his mouth. "The rascals," said he, "will not be satisfied till they have drove me to the work-house; don't you think," said he as I entered, "don't you think, my dear fellow, that I am right? here is the receipt of my expenses for the year, it is double what it was the preceding; I am exasperated beyond measure; I will dismiss every scoundrel of them." "You should dismiss them," said I, "if they have deceived you; but I think I perceive that if the bill is double this year, the crops are also four times more abundant than last year." "That has nothing to do with it," he replied, "I am robbed, I am ruined, I am one of the most unfortunate of men." Instead of sharing his grief, and encouraging his complaints, I began to relate the adventure of the robbed chest, and the joy his friend evinced in discovering he had not lost the whole of his property. I told him the whole.

He answered that his friend was mad, and should be put into a mad-house. His friend, to whom I afterwards related the adventure of his bill of expenses, positively said the same thing of him—"He is a fool, and should be put in a mad-house."

It is, therefore, true that every man has his whim, and we only see those of others.

It is also true, that one half of the world laughs at the other half. To draw a kind of moral from the above, this inference may be made for an apologue, that the more we have lived in the world, the more we incline to be indulgent. Cowardice is said to engender cruelty, and it is solitude and ignorance that produce and encourage intolerance.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

M. DE LALANDE received, in the month of April, an anonymous letter, in which it is said that a German of high reputation in several sciences discovered, fifty years ago, a remarkable period of 280,000 years for the return of the six planets to the same point of the heavens, and his opinion thereon is requested to be given. The number of revolutions found by the German for each of the planets have been reduced into seconds by Lalande, from the revolution as at present known, and are as follows:

Mercury : : :	1162577	8836135098921
Venus : : : : : :	455122	8835595689448
Earth : : : : : ;	280000	8835940680000
Mars : : : : : :	148878	8835946519500
Jupiter : : : : :	23616	8835946544448
Saturn : : : : : ; :	9516	8835946558608

The French astronomer remarks, that these numbers differ so little, that the deviation from the same precise number of seconds in each sum of revolutions is not greater than the uncertainty in the known durations of those revolutions.

Mr. Gifford, the editor of Massinger, has advanced considerably with his *Ben Jonson*, and is likewise preparing for the press an edition of *Shirley's* plays and poems, which have never before been collected.

Poems and essays, by the late ingenious Henry Kirke White, with a memoir, by Robert Southey, Esq. will be published in the course of the year, in 2 vols. crown, 8vo.

Mr. Raymond, of Drury-Lane theatre, is about to publish Collins's Ode on the Passions, with notes. The passions to be illustrated by superb engravings.

We recommend to our readers' attention the elegant biography of ERSKINE, commenced in this number.—They will find the splendid abilities of the Chancellor no way dishonoured by the writer of his life.

POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN POEM WRITTEN BY THE LATE REV. MR. MADAN. *By Mr. Ring.*

A SURGEON-DENTIST newly starts,
Who causes great surprize
By setting his unrivall'd arts
Before our wondering eyes.

He scales the teeth, and can at will
From their own sockets draw;
Transplanting them with equal skill
Into another's jaw.

The grandam, toothless long before,
Perceives the springing tooth!
And seems to be reviv'd once more
In all the charms of youth.

The grandsire now can talk or eat
Without his usual pother;
And one man takes, to chew his meat,
The grinders of another.

A num'rous, poor, and hungry pack
The surgeon's door attend;
Here stands a collier dy'd in black,
And there his sooty friend.

The dustmen take an active part
In this renown'd election;
Some that with ashes load the cart,
Some of an ash complexion.

How oft in such a form uncouth,
Like gems in darkest mines,
The thickset, polish'd, iv'ry tooth,
In all its lustre shines!

The teeth most perfect and most fair,
The subtle dentist buys;
And justly to the brightest ware
Assigns the brightest prize.

They sell their teeth, and freely sell
The soundest and the best;
No wonder when they gain so well
Provision for the rest.

O Doctor, by that single art,
You render mutual good;
For while to *food* you *teeth* impart,
To *teeth* you furnish *food*.

INDIFFERENCE.

WHY, what are woman's frowns to me,
Her nods and wry grimaces?
I care not for them all you see,
Nor court her fond embraces.

Let others, slaves to beauty, prize
A fair one's kind advances;
Think truth exists in both her eyes,
And smiles in all her glances.

Soon, soon they'll curse the Syren's smiles,
wiles,
And rashness so ill-fated; [smiles,
That made them slaves to woman's
And looks by Cupid baited.

Love, once indeed, for me had charms,
But now far off he hies him;
I laugh at all his fond alarms,
And carelessly despise him.

My heart *again* shall *never* feel
What beauty strives to teach it;
I'll case it round with triple steel,
And Love shall *never* reach it.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN 57th. NUMBER OF THE EMERALD.

QUITE softly stealing o'er our heads,
Time ever swiftly speeds away;
Yet when some promis'd joy's in view
Often we chide his ling'ring stay.

Then the too tardy hour to spend,
That of't the fair one wishes flown
Some rent in dress she deigns to mend
Or puts a *piece* upon her gown.

Anxiously gazing as she sews,
Upon the *time-piece* ticking nigh;
Marking each minute as it goes,
Still wishing those behind to fly.

Alas! and when the pleasure's o'er,
Keen disappointment oft is known
Then will she rue the misspent hour
Nor longer wish the moments flown.

Teeth and Tongue wear each other.

Scylla is toothless, yet when she
young,
She had both teeth enough, and
much tongue.
What shall we then of toothless *Sc*
say,
But that her tongue has worn her te
away.

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